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Nubile Nancy, page 59. Lots to offer, page 70

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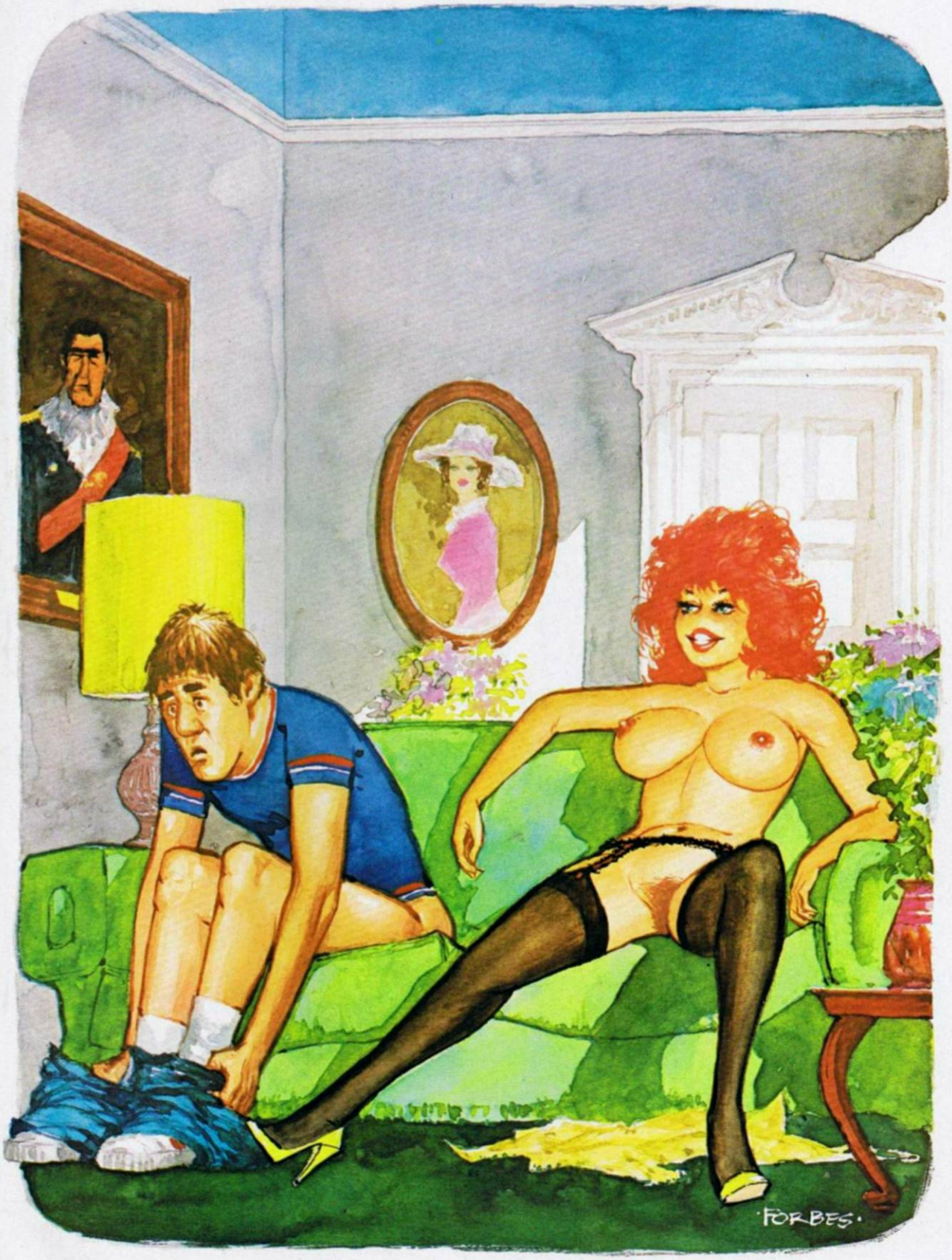


'It's not surprising you haven't seen me in class – I'm your Headmistress.'

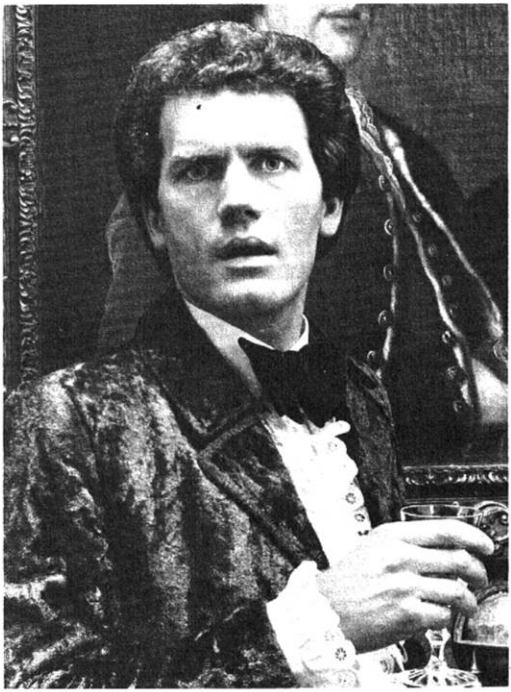
Don't take any notice of him. That is definitely not the fireman's lift.'

'Chief – your husband's up to his greasy pole tricks again.'

'Blast! That's the second pair of tights I've ruined this week.'

Hold it properly, Cynthia – you've already given the Chief Fire Officer a heart attack.'

WorldMagnet



Robert always stands out in a crowd. He's got style, great personality, animal magnetism, and bad breath. **Sorry Robert.**

He should have remembered Double Amplex.

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

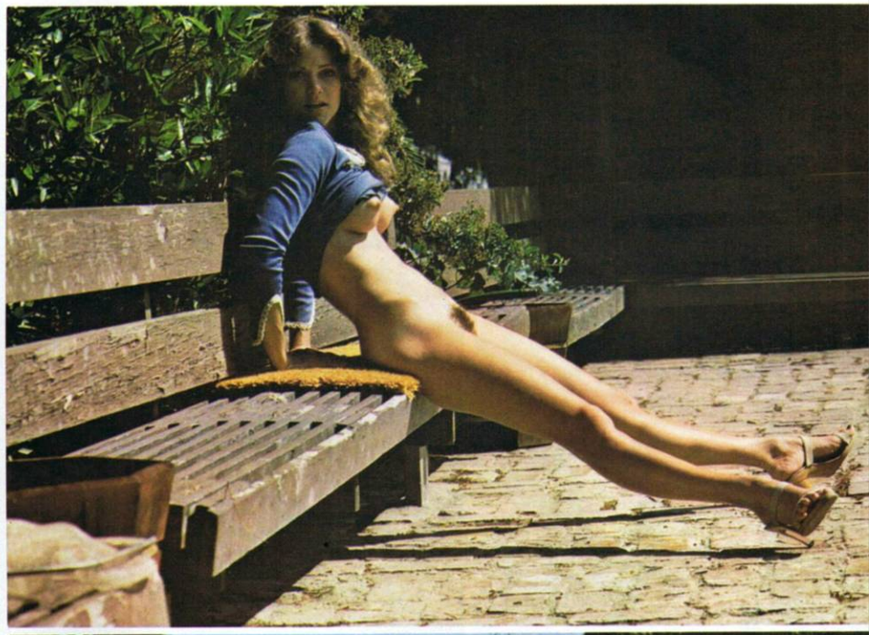
*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

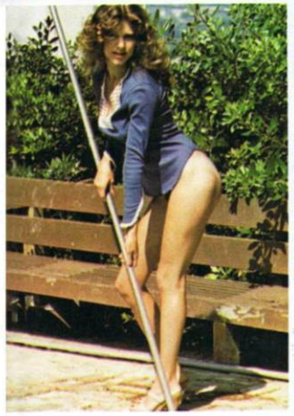
****♡♡♡**Maitresse** (Club certificate only), 1 hr 47 mins. Subtitles. A man draws a leather belt through the exposed labia of a nude girl as she kneels over a chair, before bringing the same belt crashing down on her bare buttocks, raising unmistakable welts. Strapped into a dentist's chair, his face hidden by a leather mask, a middle-aged man grunts in masochistic agony as a beautiful girl nails his foreskin to a length of wood projecting from between his legs, and then pierces his nipples with two large pins. If just reading that makes you wince spare a thought for the actors who endured it all in merciless close-up. *Maitresse* is – to put it mildly – an unusual love story. Not that the lovers – Gerard (*1900*) Depardieu and the gorgeous, elfin-faced Bulle Ogier – do anything more outrageous than acting out mock 'rapes' in the back streets of Paris and having sex in the front seat of a car which Depardieu happens to be driving – not too successfully – down a country road. But the world they inhabit is built about the rites and rituals of sado-masochism. Miss Ogier is a Paris prostitute, an SM specialist operating from a superbly equipped, black marble torture palace below her flat. When Depardieu rather half-heartedly burgles the place with a friend they fall foul of a bull mastiff to be rescued by a leather-clad Miss Ogier. Instantly she asks a 'special service' of Depardieu, which consists of being very nasty to a client clad, yet again, in leather. Just as quickly burglar and whore fall in love. If it seems a trifle over-blown, you'd be wrong. The most bizarre incidents – photographed with documentary realism – are seen almost exclusively through the incredulous eyes of Depardieu. His comically uncertain reactions mirror ours and bring the most outrageous events uncomfortably close to home.

***♡♡♡**Kentucky Fried Movie** (X) 1 hr 24 mins. Ex-*Mayfair* maids figure largely in this series of American satirical review sketches. Having her mountainous 45-inch mammaries massaged by male hands to the sounds of leathery creaks and squeaks is Uschi Digard (Vol 13 No 6) while shapely blonde Olivia Paddon (Vol 11 No 7 and Vol 9 No 6) hales a passing motorist in a scanty wrap-around top. The segment, a softcore spoof, is entitled *Catholic High School Girls in Trouble*. Also featured is a record to make love by – dutifully followed by a young couple – which even includes an instant corrective for premature ejaculation: in other words, Big Jim Slade, a black superstud who promptly bursts through the bedroom door to carry off the frustrated female partner. 'Big Jim,' intones the record, 'has satisfied more women than any other man in the western world.' Then there's the couple whose energetic coupling in front of a TV set rouses the goggle-eyed attention of a newscaster reading the news. *Python*esque, it never quite achieves the inspired insanity of Cleese and Co but naughtiness makes up for overplayed laughs.

♡Brass Target** (A), 1 hr 51 mins. Was General George S Patton murdered in 1945? History says it was a car accident in occupied Germany. This film claims he was killed because he got too close to a plot by US servicemen to steal 250,000 dollars of Reichsbank gold. An undemanding, not too surprising thriller. Military history buffs should enjoy it.

****♡♡**Nosferatu, The Vampyre** (X), 1 hr 47 mins. Klaus Klinski's bald, Spock-eared Dracula comes to a meticulously recreated 19th century Delft, spreading plague rats and terror. Despite the odd cliché and some clunking dialogue, this German-made epic revivifies the oldest horror story of them all in a truly startling way. Luminous, disturbing images tell the story: a ship drifting into port, deserted but for a dead helmsman strapped to the wheel, Klinski's corpse-pale Count looming out of darkness, uncut nails curling six inches from his fingers. Unique, unclassifiable, it's the finest vampire movie I've shivered at.





KAREN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEC DE SEASI

Karen Peters can talk at length about six inch insertions, what to do with a dis-used flong and a handy way to dispose of unwanted widows. But before your mind starts to juggle the Mafia, the Tongs and some very naughty suggestions it's easier to let this 19-year-old Midlander explain for herself. 'My family has always been in printing,' she says. 'I grew up with printing terms – because that's what they are.'

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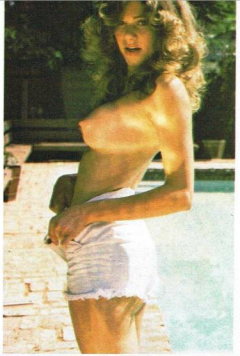
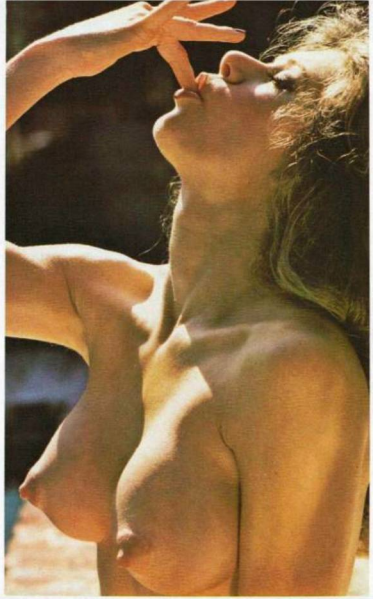
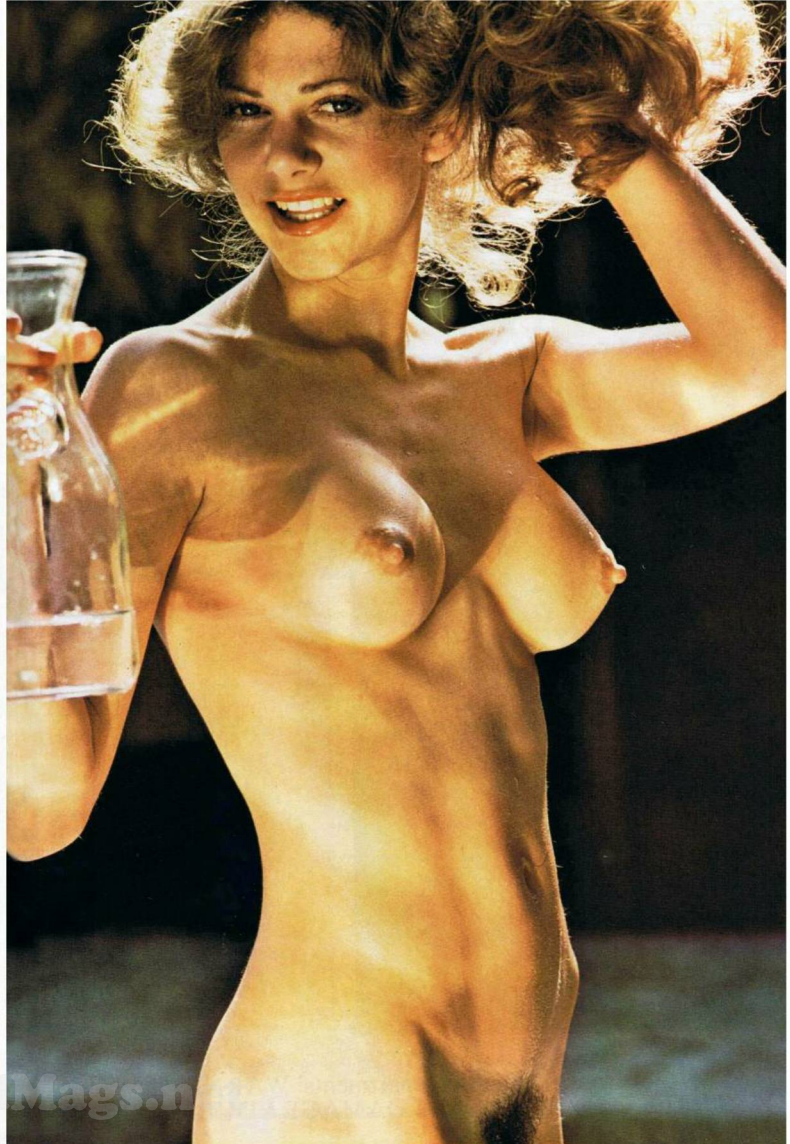


She grins. 'I know they sound silly – but a widow, for example, is an odd word or two left over at the end of a line, an insertion speaks for itself and a flong –' Giggles – 'That must have been made up by someone with a great sense of humour. They're shells of papier-mache that you wrap round the cylinder with the print on it. They're absolutely marvellous for sticking behind the radiator of your car to keep it warm in the cold weather. Fantastic insulation!' Karen hales from the outskirts of Birmingham – a city still dear to her memory, which is why she spends most of her weekends there, jetting home to a small village on the fringes of the Cotswolds in a lemon yellow Spitfire, of which she is ordinately fond.



'I am definitely not a poor little rich girl,' she insists. 'My car was a birthday present but it's only in the last two or three years that the family business has made very much money. I'm very grateful for anything that comes along, though I don't intend to stay at home much longer.' And to prove her independence she regularly bicycles the two or three miles to the local secretarial job she is currently doing – an exercise that also keeps her 34-22-34 inches in very good trim. 'I'd hate to think I wouldn't always be able to pop into my father's works to have a laugh and a chat with the men on the machines. They have this hilarious book of printing errors. Do you know the famous one in *The Times* – Queen Victoria was supposed to have "pissed over Waterloo Bridge". Some of ours are far worse than that – and a lot naughtier!' We're sure you'll always be welcome there, Karen.



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Young Tommy entered the unlocked bathroom while his mother was taking her bath.
Fascinated, he gazed at his mother's body before pointing at her pubic hair.
'What's that, Mummy?' he enquired.
Taken aback, his mother replied, 'That's my sponge, Tommy.'
Several months later the young mother was obliged to enter hospital for some delicate surgery in the course of which her pubic hair was removed. Once again young Tommy surprised his mother in the bath and innocently enquired where her sponge had gone. 'I've lost it, Tommy,' came the reply.
Tommy was puzzled by all this but the situation was resolved a few days later when the lad rushed to tell his mother the good news. 'Mummy, Mummy, it's all right, I've found your sponge. The lady next door is washing daddy's face with it!'

An inmate of an asylum was about to be released, having been cured. As he was preparing to leave the superintendent called him into the office and asked him of his future plans.
'Well,' said the inmate, 'before I came here I was called to the Bar so I may go back to Law. I even used to be a book-keeper so I may become an accountant. I speak six languages so I could become an interpreter and if I find the going really rough I can always get a job as a carpenter.'
With that he arose, placed one hand on his hip, placed the back of his other hand against his forehead, extended his fingers and added, 'Or I may even become a tea pot.'

An MP who had just been promoted to a Cabinet post was bursting with pride at his upgrading. He was sitting in his new office when there came a knock at the door.
'Come in,' he called, and as the door opened he picked up his phone and said, 'Very well, Prime Minister. Thank you, Prime Minister, Goodbye.'
He put down the receiver and said to the workman who had entered, and was watching him with interest, 'Well, what is it that you want?'
'I've just come,' said the workman, 'to connect your telephone.'

An elderly couple were passing a racecourse when the wife, who had never been to a race meeting in her life, said she would like to stop off and see what went on there.
Her husband assured her that only riff-raff and scruffy sorts went to such places but she insisted and in they went. In the enclosure she noticed the bookmakers and on being told what they did she insisted on laying a bet. On rejoining her husband she told him how the nice bookmaker had recommended Dominictus in the next race and how she had wagered £20 to win with him.
Her husband was fuming. 'You've lost your money,' he shouted, 'that refugee from a glue factory is at 50 to one.'
Dominictus romped home, winning by three lengths and the woman went to collect her winnings. She returned to her husband with a thousand pounds.
'See, you're wrong,' she admonished him. 'They're nice people here, not riff-raff at all. The bookmaker even speaks Latin because when I collected my winnings he turned to his clerk and offered a little prayer.'
'What?' said her husband.
'He said: "Jesus, Marcus, Dominictus fuctus".'

A man went to a fancy dress ball completely naked, except for a ribbon tied around his private parts.
'Goodness gracious,' said the hostess, 'What have you come as?'
'I,' he replied with dignity, 'am the original fancy dressed ball.'

An old man in an overcoat sidled up to a little girl in a park.
'Hello little girl,' he said.
'Hello, nice Mister Man,' replied the little girl between taking licks of her lollipop.
'Cor, you ain't half a nice little girl,' admired the old man.
'Oh thank you very much. My parents and relations all say the same. Thank you once again Mister Man.'
'Cor,' continued the old man, 'can I have a suck of your lollipop little girl?'
She smiled sweetly at him.
'Show us your dick first.'

A very prim and proper couple were at the breakfast table following a rare but nonetheless raucous all-night party in their flat.
'This is embarrassing, dear,' said the husband, 'but was it you I made love to in the study last night?'
His wife looked at him reflectively, and then asked, 'about what time?'

'Please,' pleaded the young Lothario, 'I promise that if you let me, I'll just put it in a little way.'
Under his constant pressure his new girlfriend gave in, but temptation proved too great and he gradually eased in until he was hilt deep.
'Oooh,' whispered the girl, 'that feels very nice. Now you can put it in all the way.'
'Absolutely not,' panted the quick-thinking young man, 'after all a promise is a promise.'

There was a young man from Montrose,
Who abused himself under the clothes,
His landlady said
When making his bed
'He's a bugger for blowing his nose.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

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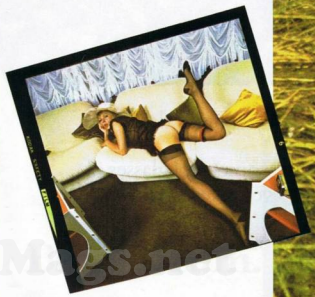
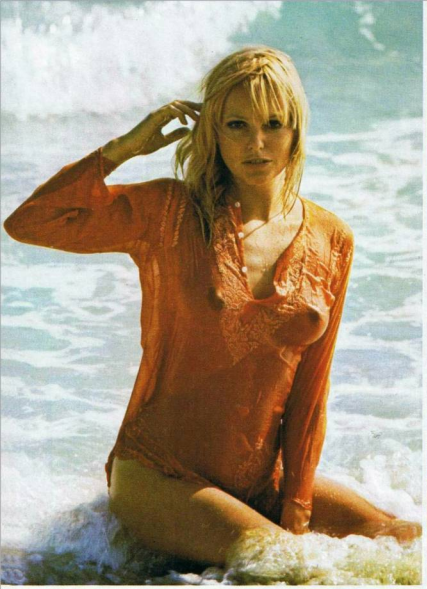
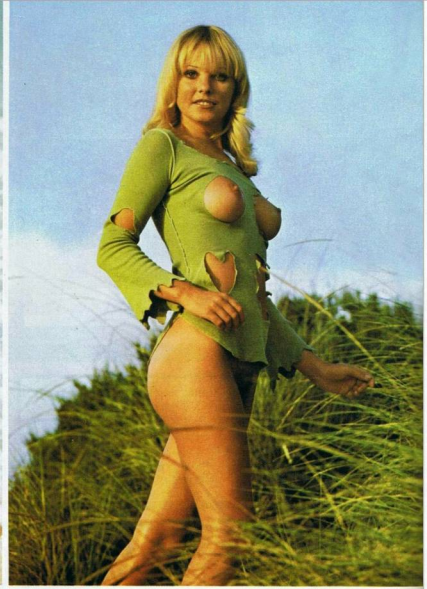
Our first move was to contact Angela herself. Flattered though she was by all the interest she was no longer willing to reveal more than her delectable frontage. Nowadays her not inconsiderable assets – she takes, for the record, size 4 in shoes and size 6 in gloves – were devoted to fashion modelling. There would be no, repeat no, more modelling in the nude. Which to our razor-sharp minds suggested that Angela had appeared unclothed before the lens previously. So, using our vast network of contacts, we began to search for earlier pictures, taken before Angela was as famous as she is now. Finally, after several months, our diligence was rewarded and you see the results before you here. And, to show our dedication and satisfy connoisseurs of the rear view who might otherwise remain unsatisfied, we have included a snippet of Angela's superbly rounded cheeks. Snatched from another set of pictures which did not quite measure up to those we finally chose, it could not, we feel, provide a finer endpiece.







Angela Jay

It was last year that we featured a bright-eyed, frothy-haired, bare-bottomed blonde on our front cover, clad in a bright red tee-shirt and football socks and squatting – rather decorously – on a football. Within days of publication the letters started to arrive. Isn't that the gorgeous blonde in *The Sun*? they asked. Indeed it was – 24-year-old, 34–22–34 inch, 5 feet 5 inch Angela Jay, to be exact. Topless was smashing, our readers went on, but bottomless would be absolutely fantastic. Could we oblige?

Our madcap heroine finds that it's
fun parading for a commanding officer, especially
when his privates salute

I'll play the army game any day, Colonel, but I'll leave the assault course to you.

I mean, darling, what could be more different? Not just an officer, but a commanding one into the bargain, and I just adore being commanded. You won't get much out of me from bloody coaxing, but any bloke who snaps at me, you know, in a nice sort of way, like that adorable Frog who kept saying 'drop zee pantaloons, Melanie', has more or less got himself a bed for the night and even a hell of a lot of scope in a taxi.

If a man yells, 'Strip,' my clothes fall off me of their own accord; it's uncanny, I'm like an old tree in autumn. Gosh, when I was a kid, the parks were absolutely crammed with my abandoned knickers, just because the boy I had then yelled so, and he liked a bit of open air to yell in. Smashing!

I'm getting off the point, aren't I? Yes, a real CO. He had a voice trimmed like his moustache – sort of ran a pair of clippers round the edges of every sentence. Amazing – curt, harsh, always to be obeyed: that sort of voice. I thought they went out of fashion in the Boer War.

Blue, steely eyes, yes, darling, honestly: like cold blue steel, practically drilled a couple of holes in your forehead every time he looked at you. You actually felt your brains exposed, yes, don't be so bloody sarcastic, I know I'm no bloody Einstein. And his smile! He sort of peeled it off his lips like a strip of plaster, quite merciless it was, thank goodness.

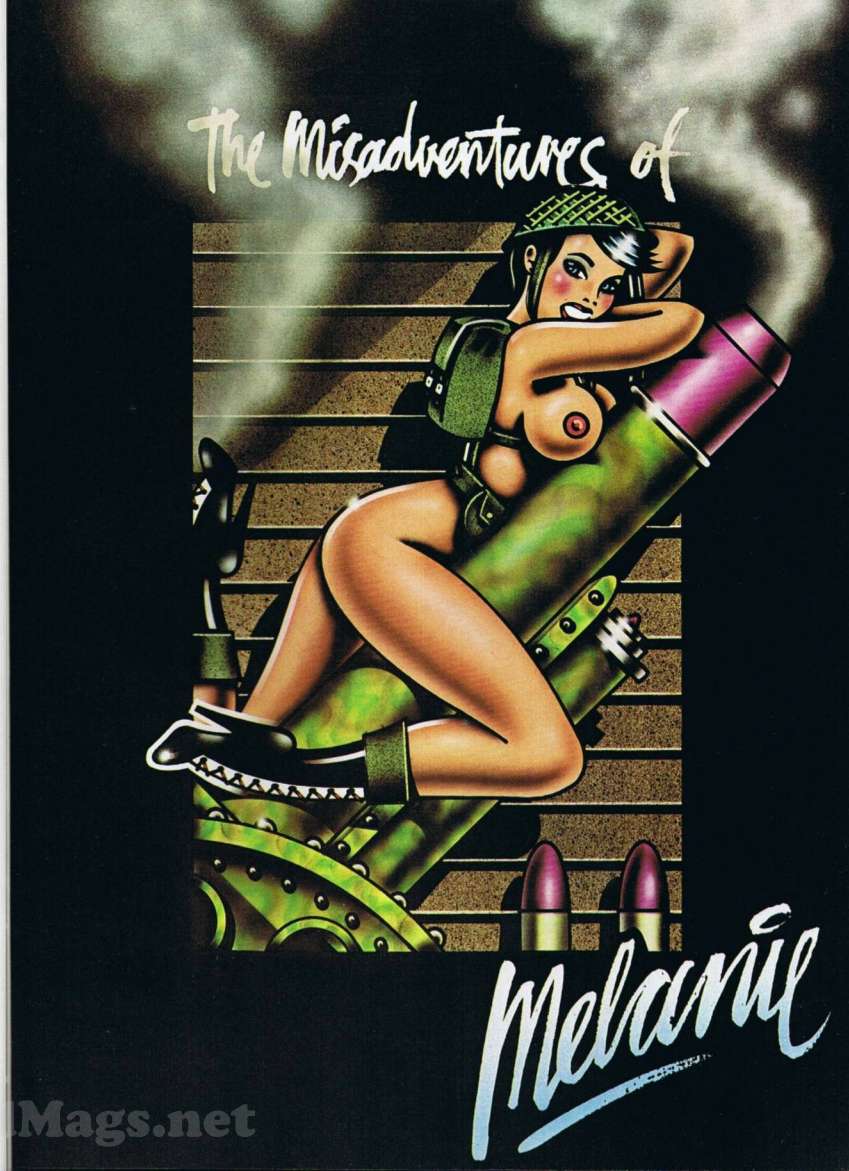
He was a stickler. Told me he polished his own equipment, and that interested me: I wonder if it glowed in the dark. Yes, he touched up every sentence with Brasso; you could practically hear him breathing on the consonants. Clear, why his voice was so clear, it was like a trumpet at dawn. No, darling, of course I haven't heard a trumpet at dawn. I'm much too busy most nights to listen.

Invited me to a passing out parade, and a sort of binge afterwards. He didn't actually invite me: he issued me with instructions. Wonder he didn't kit me out with regulations-size bra and woollen knickers. Gosh, it was smashing. Be there at fourteen thirty, he said. Funny way they have of telling the time in the Services, can't imagine how they cram all those figures onto their watches, must be the size of soup plates.

Still, I got there, bit late of course, but I don't think they worry much in the army if everyone isn't there from the beginning. I mean, I suppose if you've overslept or something, you just tag on at the end when they're marching, can't imagine anyone bothers. But he saw me, right from where he was in the middle of the parade ground, and he gave me such a look: yes, I swear it had icicles hanging from it.

Then he just went on yelling at those poor boys, and they marched round and round in circles, every now and again stamping their feet. I expect they were cold, poor darlings. When he came up to me afterwards, I could see he was polished and gleaming like old silver, and he sort of barked at me like an enraged Alsatian for being a bit late. If he'd had fangs, I honestly believe he'd have bared them, darling. Then he took me by the elbow and just propelled me towards the Officers' Mess. It was extraordinary: people never stopped saluting him, and when we got to the guardroom, or whatever it was, a little house near the gate, the soldiers all came running with their rifles. I thought we were going to be shot, but they

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL DOBSON



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formed themselves into a line and stuck the rifles out at him, banging away at them with their hands. When I asked him what they were doing, he said they were presenting arms, though goodness knows who to: I mean, I wouldn't take a smelly rifle as a present. But he seemed to like it; he more or less thawed like a patch of wet ice, his smiles were skidding all over it.

Now I got pissed. We seemed to be drinking for hours, and it was all so polite – such gentlemen, all of them. When they pinched my bottom they almost apologised at the same moment. The whole time it was, 'Oh, I say, sorry and all that,' as if they'd only had a grab at my tits by accident. I bet, even when they'd made it, they'd apologize, you know, 'Hope I'm not intruding and all that.' Still it makes a change.

It was a lovely evening, so he took me out for a breath of air. He was so proud of everything. I mean, I can't see much point in slapping whitewash on a lot of stray bricks, but he pointed them out as if they were the Mona Lisa. Even the roses stood to attention, no lolling around in his garden, thank you very much: 'At the command, one, you start growing – one!' And, gosh, didn't they just grow!

Then we came to a patch of waste land, and there were all sorts of odd contraptions built there: pits full of barbed wire with a rope strung above them, planks of wood suspended between the trees, great walls of sandbags. Weird, really, like some sort of nightmare.

'Assault course,' he snapped, biting off the words like a slug of tobacco. His brows sort of crawled down his face, and thrust themselves into mine. 'Give it a go, what?'

Now of course I know all about assault courses, ever since I came out. Normally they call them taxis. I've been unzipped more often in taxis than I care to remember, about as much as an alcoholic with a weak bladder, I'd imagine. But I don't think he meant that. I mean, he didn't grope at all, but the way he grinned, it was a sort of indecent exposure.

'Like to try?' he said, and before I knew where I was he'd got me standing on a rope, holding on to another above me, and I was edging myself along in my short skirt, while he stood underneath, grinning up at my pants, as if they'd just winked at him. Somehow he got me down at the other end, and I felt his whiskers tickling my shoulders: fascinating, it was like being scrubbed with wire wool, dead sexy. Then he pointed to a great hump of tarpaulin. 'Have a lark,' he said. 'You've got to crawl under it.' Well, by that time I was pissed out of my mind; I'd have even made a newt look abstemious. So in we went, me first and him following.

Now with the weight of the tarpaulin, bit by bit all my clothes were being dragged off me. Though I'm not sure it was only that; in a crack of light at one side I saw him, and I'm convinced he'd got his teeth gripped in the seat of my pants. Then I was starkers, shut in there, practically powerless.

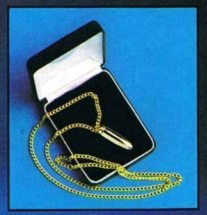
And he crawled on top of me, and before I knew what was happening he'd lifted my bottom in the air, and his hands were on the inside of my thighs, and he was pushing into me with that great luminous piece of equipment, and his hands were flat on my tits, the hairs on the back of them tickling me under the chin. I felt him growing and growing, and I was yelling out, and the cold tarpaulin pressed on me, it was marvellous. I forced myself back on him, so that it hurt, and the pain was fantastic, I cried out and I sobbed as if he were killing me.

Then suddenly it was cold. Someone had pulled the tarpaulin back, and there we were, locked together, and I shut my eyes and just pretended it wasn't happening. I heard a banging noise, so I peered out from under my hair, and the guard was drawn up with their rifles stuck out in front of them, and he was standing there, starkers, with one hand covering his crotch, and he was bloody saluting.

Then in the distance I heard a bugle playing. I don't know what it was, but suddenly I felt all patriotic myself, and stood up, covered in mud and pissed out of my mind, and I stood next to him and I saluted too. Very smartly.

And do you know, darling, the one thing I can't understand: well, when the soldiers were all lined up and us standing there naked, not one of them smiled, and though I watched most carefully, it was obvious that none was even interested. Amazing! It must come from painting all those bricks white, I suppose: maybe it's what they mean by military discipline.

Bite on our bullet



It's not often *Mayfair* agrees to merchandise an item. When we do it not only has to have unique appeal to our readers it must also be something of exceptional value. We believe this Gold-Plated Bullet Pendant fits both those exacting requirements. For just £6.50 you can purchase a 22 carat gold-plated .38 bullet (below) or a 9mm bullet (right), both supplied with a 22 carat gold-plated chain. These are genuine bullets, as used in .38 Police Special and automatic weapons – only the firing caps and charges have been removed. Each comes in a white sateen-lined black box. Price includes packing, post and VAT. Allow 21 days delivery.

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Road, Aldridge,
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Please send me: ( ) .38
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marvel of the micro-electronic age!

NEW–POCKET TELEVISION FROM SINCLAIR

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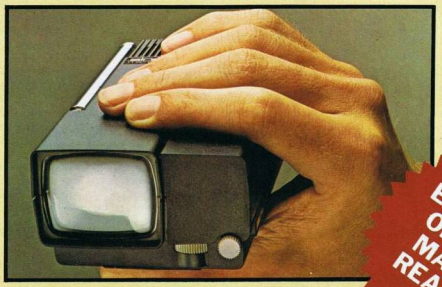

EXCLUSIVE OFFER TO MAYFAIR READERS

* Carry it around in your pocket
* A 2"screen that's as clear as a 21"screen
* British designed–British built

'I'd rather be watching television . . .'
So often, we have to choose between watching television and doing something else. And bang goes Match of the Day, News at Ten, or the Star Movie.
Not any more! Now, there's a television you can watch at any time, wherever you are – even while you're doing something else.
It's called Microvision. You can carry it in your pocket. Whenever you feel like watching television – it's right there.

Everywhere you go, it goes, too.
Microvision works with penlight batteries. It has its own aerial for all BBC and ITV stations, and a built-in loudspeaker. No wires, battery packs, snaking aerial cables. And if your household's got a TV licence already, it covers your Microvision.
It has an adjustable stand, a plug-in earphone, a screen hood, and a carrying case. You can watch it in private, in public! It's no more obtrusive than reading a paperback.
Microvision keeps you in touch with news bulletins, budget broadcasts and business programmes. Watch indoors or out,of doors, at home, in the office. Take Microvision on picnics and weekend trips, to the races or the sports stadium. Watch it in the back of the car, on the beach or in bed.
Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, take Microvision with you – and watch!

The 2-inch screen that's as clear as a 21-inch screen
You watch your household TV from ten to fifteen feet away. You'll watch Microvision at normal reading distance. So, to your eyes, the two inch screen is as big as a full size screen.
And the picture quality is unbelievably bright and sharp.

Built for bumps
Microvision is built to take the inevitable wear and tear of a travelling life. It has a shock-resistant case, a protected screen, and tuck-away controls.

Pocket TV – the idea that's here to stay
It's hard to imagine life without transistor radios, or pocket calculators. Yet only a few years ago, they were ideas as breathtaking as pocket television.
Soon, Microvision will be just as much a part of everyday life.
Microvision is made by Sinclair. From its compact, advanced electronic circuitry, to its strong elegant casing, it's British-designed, British-built.
It's developed from the award-winning International Microvision, the very first pocket TV to work across the world.

Watching's believing
An idea powerful enough to change a lifestyle could cost a fortune. Microvision costs about £112 (inc vat) – about the same as most 'portable' TV's (and try taking them around with you!) But you can buy it now from Celebrity Products at the special low price of £94.50 (+p&p)

Microvision. For the first time, television the way you want it, wherever you want it.

Accessory Pack (optional extra)
Includes mains adaptor, external aerial adaptor and 12 volt DC car/boat lead. £6.75 (inc. p&p)

Fully guaranteed money-back offer
Sinclair Radionics Ltd guarantee the Microvision against faults or defects for a period of 12months from date of purchase. However, if you are not completely satisfied with your set, just return it undamaged to Celebrity Products within 30 days and we will refund your money in full.
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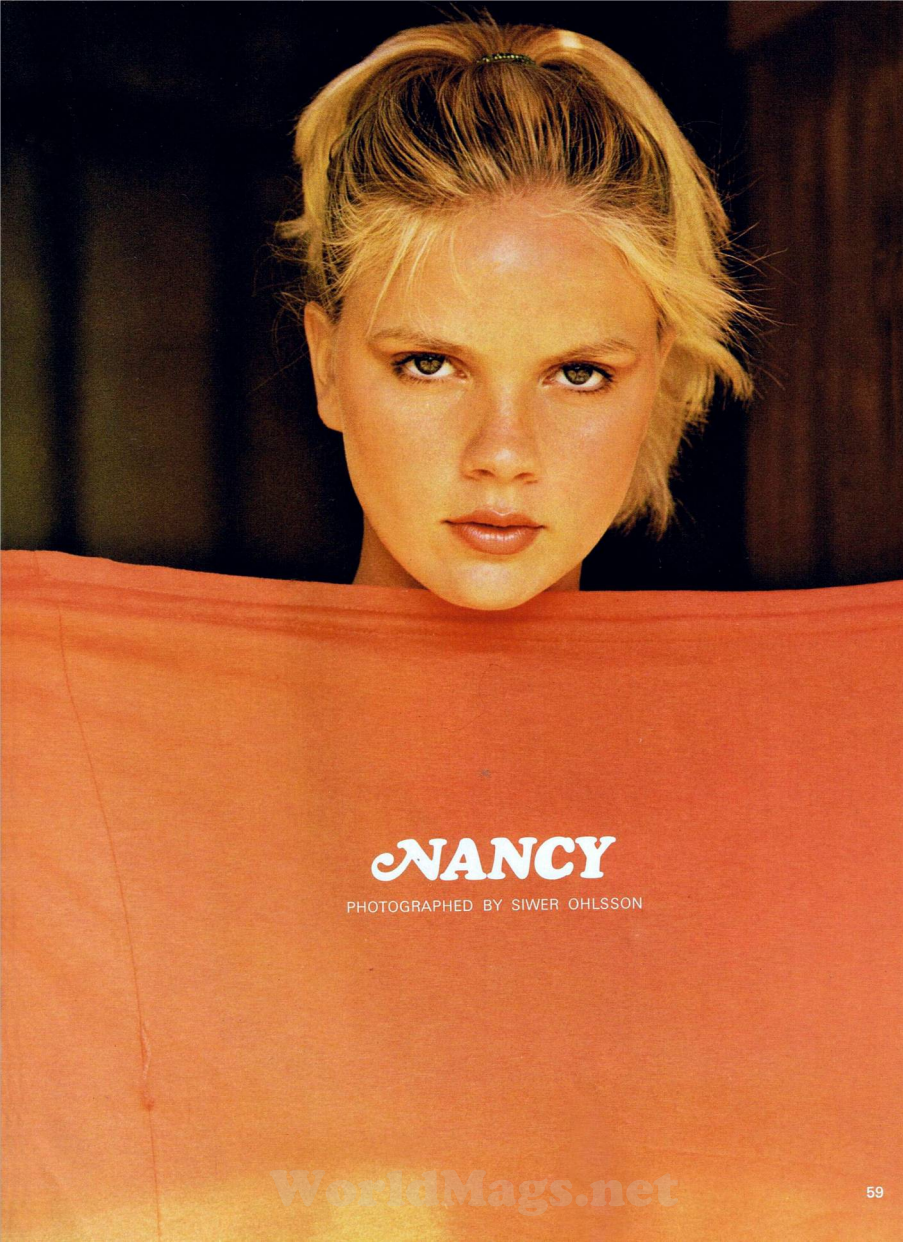
To:- CELEBRITY PRODUCTS, 85 CHARLOTTE STREET, LONDON, W1P 1LB
Please rush me.....(qty) Sinclair Microvision(s) at £96.95 (inc. £2.45 p&p).
Please include.....(qty) accessory pack(s) at £6.75 (delete if not required)
I enclose cheque/PO for.....
or debit my Access Card No.....
SIGNATURE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS..... (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

Allow 28 days for delivery. Offer applies U.K. only.



NANCY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

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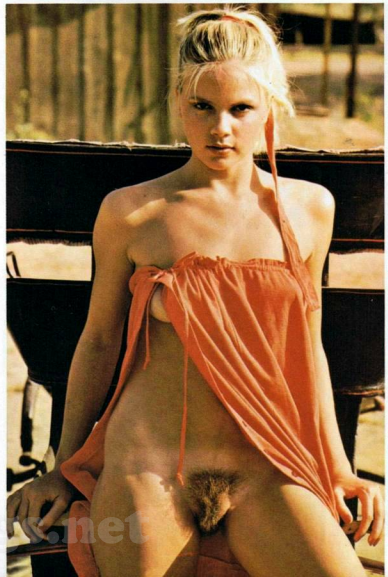

'To be perfectly honest,' confides Nancy, the sun glinting through her blonde hair, 'I quite fancy the idea of posing in the nude, and having all those men gazing at my bare breasts and bottom – from the safety of a magazine. It makes me tingly just thinking about it: I always was something of an exhibitionist at heart.' In her normal working day, Nancy is usually dressed to the hilt in a smart black uniform and can be seen ferrying tourists through Tomorrowland, Frontierland and, the happiest kingdom of all, Fantasyland.

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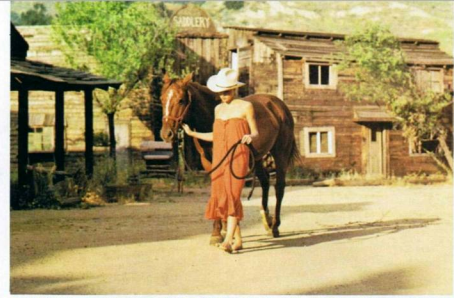
It's perhaps an exaggeration to say that *Mayfair* photographers travel the world in search of beautiful girls. We believe that our own British girls take some beating. But sometimes we chance upon opportunities to present foreign girls which are too good to pass by. Take, for example, bare-breasted Nancy Boughton who caught photographer, Siwer Ohlsson's eye while enjoying a day's rest from location shooting on America's West Coast. Nancy, who fills the lens with a shapely 34–22–34, hails from Los Angeles and has recently been working as a guide in Disneyland, escorting tour parties.



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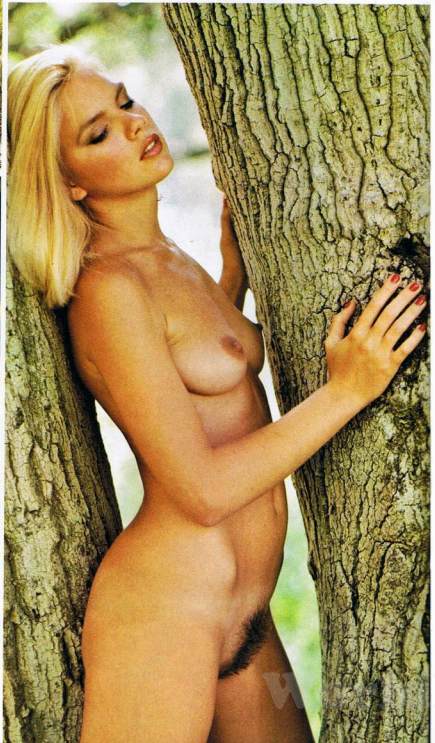
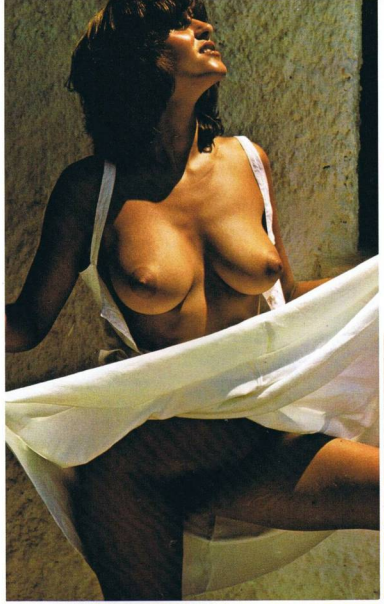
'Next summer, thank goodness, *I'm* the one going on vacation for once and guess what? I hope to go to England: I've some relatives in Edinburgh and I want to see all your historical places. It'll be quite a change. And next Summer, so we've been told, will be a bumper year for tourism to America with lots more English people coming than ever before. Don't you think it kind of funny that while I'm flying to London many of your readers could be flying to LA?' Might it be that more Englishmen will be queueing for the Crown Jewels this summer, just on the off chance...



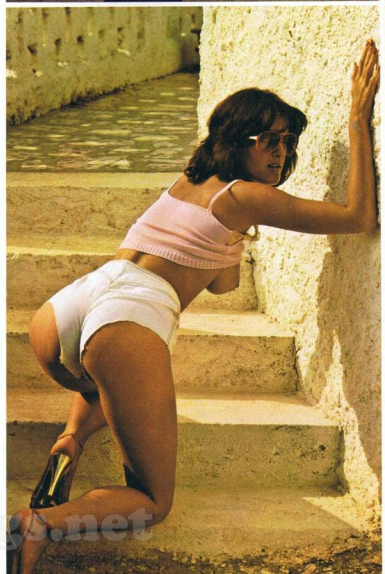
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/NANCY BOUCHER

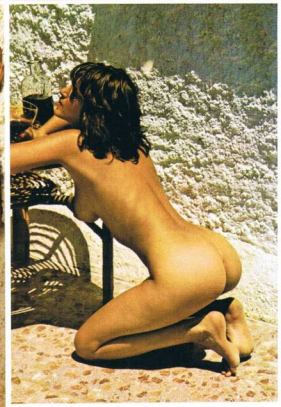
ROSEMARY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON



There are few activities 20-year-old Rosemary Meeker enjoys more than spending the odd night flat on her back and staring up at the sky. But before you rush to any rash conclusions we should perhaps explain that Rosemary – 'never Rose' – is a star-gazer. 'It takes you out of yourself completely,' says Rosemary. 'Do you realise that when you look up at the sky you're travelling back in time. It's fantastic.'





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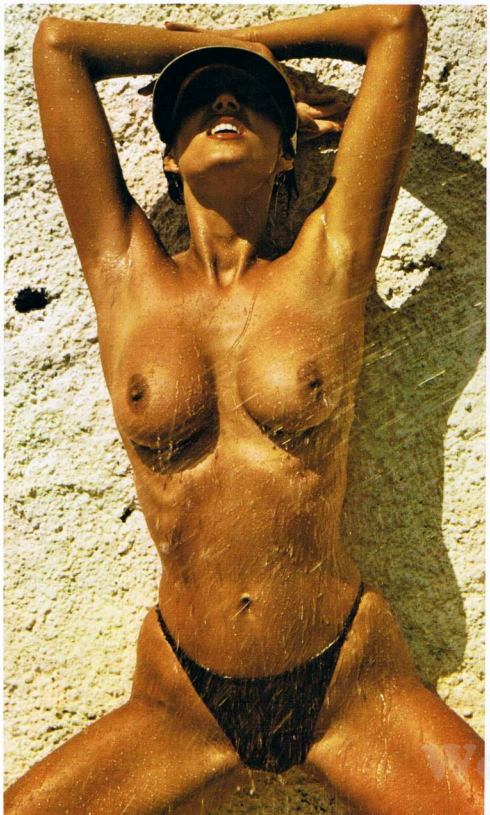
'The light you're seeing from those stars left them sometimes many thousands of years ago. Sometimes I just lie out on Box Hill of an evening and it makes me shudder just contemplating what is out there. Not menacing, but just simply the enormity of it.' And it's not that 37–23–36 Rosemary has all that far to travel for her star-gazing nights, living close by in the lovely Surrey town of Reigate. 'I really love this part of the country – it's so pretty, above Reigate we've got Colley Hill which has fantastic views over the North Downs, and then, of course that lovely view as you drive down to town from Reigate Hill, and Box Hill is only a few miles away. The air is so clear up there it's perfect for observing – in summer I hasten to add.'

WorldMags.net

Rosemary is a girl who oozes sex-appeal, a jut and bounce in some ways very reminiscent of Marilyn Monroe – if not facially, then in the very way she carries herself. 'I've been fascinated with my own looks ever since I received my first wolf whistle. I'm very proud of my figure, even fully-clothed it's never had any trouble turning heads. But I do realise my limitations. For instance, I don't believe for a moment that I have a pretty face. But I believe it's pretty rare to have brains, figure and face all perfect. I content myself knowing that I've got the first two at any rate.' And if you fancy a spot of Rosemary-gazing on Box Hill, be warned: she always goes well-escorted by friends, Wolf and Mao – her two Dobermans.



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LINDSAY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

'If you want to do something badly enough, you'll just go out and do it, no matter what obstacles there happen to be in your path.' Tough words, especially from a peace-loving and artistic Piscean, but 21-year-old Lindsay Webb sticks by every one of them. Born in Harlow in Essex, she left school at the age of 15 because she wanted to model – a job for which her 34-24-34 inches were ample qualification.

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Within a few weeks she was receptionist-cum-house model with the Glyn Manson fashion company in London's West End. 'It was great fun and I learned a lot but it occurred to me I'd hardly seen anything of the world, so I decided to take a year off travelling.' That ambition took her to the south of France where she became an au pair in St Tropez – 'a beautiful, beautiful place, I'd like to live there one day, but the work was very hard'. From there she moved to Paris, adding the finishing touches to her more than adequate French by working as a waitress in restaurants on the Rue de Passy and the Avenue Victor Hugo.

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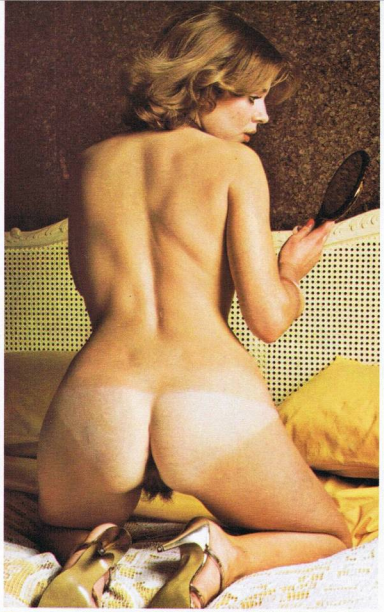
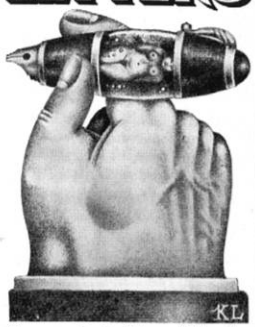


Homesickness began to take its toll and Lindsay returned to London, trained as a croupier and worked in the Playboy Club. From there she travelled again – this time to Italy where she was employed in a Milan commercial design studio. These days she's home again – dividing her time between her favourite restaurant, *Le Trouc* in London's Earl's Court and setting up a company which plans to launch a new range of sound systems for rock groups – it's to be called 'Purring Pussy'. Meanwhile she's making other plans to go to art college and squeeze in a trip to America. 'I suppose I am quite a busy person,' she admits. 'But it never strikes me that way. I just can't stand sitting round with nothing to do. I get all nervous and twitchy and suddenly someone rings up, "Oh, we're doing such-and-such, why don't you come along?" and I'm away!'

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I notice from the letters in Vol 14 No 2 that there has been continuing correspondence on the subject of graffiti.
As a hobby I have been printing examples onto T-shirts for friends, and in the process I have collected quite a mass of graffiti. I have arranged this into a collection of sorts, and am awaiting offers of publication. As a sample I give:
Virginity is like a bubble – one prick and it's gone.
Or: *Men shake dry – women drip dry.*
Or: *Give sadists a fair crack of the whip.*
Or: *There's a big one in Scunthorpe.*
Or: *Gravity is a myth – the earth sucks.* To which someone has added: *Down with gravity.*
I would be interested in hearing from anyone interested in publishing my collection.
David Gemmell, London N6

Lots more graffiti please: it should be a regular feature. How about these?
Visit the leaning tower of Pisa – if you're that way inclined.
Or: *Sex is just one long grind.*
Or: *Wear Polaroid sunglasses and watch people drowning.*
(Name and address withheld)

A late snippet of graffiti seen in a London pub: *Phallic symbolism is a load of cock.*
M G, Godalming

The reminiscences of Mrs Joan S from San Francisco about health examinations during her school days in Switzerland (Vol 14 No 3) lead me to tell you that similar examinations, though performed more discreetly, are taking place in the hospital in which I work – and, I think, in most German hospitals. The purpose is to prevent patients catching infections from medical staff.
They take place regularly once a month and include investigations for VD. Of course regulations forbid sexual relations between patients and staff, but it is realistically assumed that they are taking place none the less, just as in the Midlands hospital where I worked prior to my marriage to a German, and where a few nurses cared for their patients beyond the call of duty.
Here, of course, people are examined singly, not in threes as in the Swiss school described in Mrs S's letter, and a female nurse is in attendance whenever a male doctor is examining a woman.
As I know quite a few of the doctors well, I have heard from them that the results are sometimes surprising. Nurses boasting of their sexual adventures are found to be *virgo intacta*. The vaginas of others insisting on their super-human virtue show healthy wear and tear.
The hospital authorities here are quite fair. If a nurse is discovered suffering from VD or any other contagious disease she is not sacked, but sent on an administrative duty away from patients, provided she agrees to treatment. Besides, male staff have to undergo examinations as well.
There again, some of the findings are amusing. One male nurse perpetually jubilating about the number of virgins who had fallen to his charms was discovered to be so pitifully endowed that he could hardly deflower a mouse.
Mrs G F, West Germany

On reading my boyfriend's copy of your magazine, I was interested to read Mrs J I's letter on the subject of her intimate relationship with another girl. Like Mrs J I, I had always considered myself 'normal' before a recent experience changed my outlook. I am a 17-year-old girl living in a quiet town in Dorset. On one of the rare hot days of last summer, I called in on a near neighbour called Julie who was sunbathing in her garden. She is in her thirties, but has a good figure for her age, with an easy-going nature and we've known each other for a number of years since she moved from London after her divorce. As ever she seemed glad to see me and we went inside the house to the kitchen. She took a bottle of wine from the fridge. The wine was delicious and as usual went straight to my head. 'Why don't you join me in the garden?' said Julie, but I protested that I didn't have my bikini with me. Julie brushed this aside and said I could wear my panties. I undressed upstairs and joined her out on the lawn. Fortunately the garden is secluded and fenced in from the garden next door, so my shyness at my partial nudity was a bit silly. We basked in the sunshine and after a while Julie suggested we should bare all to avoid the dreaded white areas which would spoil the suntan. Before I had time to disagree, she was tugging at my pants. I unclipped her bikini top and in a moment we were both naked under the sun. We both started to giggle hysterically at the situation and I collapsed into her arms and we laid on the sunlounger. I felt so secure. It sounds so silly on paper, but our eyes met and we kissed. Not a friendly peck, but a long, sensual exciting kiss like I had never experienced. We held tightly onto each other perhaps a little afraid as to what was going to happen. I was about to speak, but Julie silenced me with her finger on my lips and whispered 'Don't say anything.' We stood, she took my hand and we walked together into the house. She motioned me to the bedroom where I had undressed earlier. We embraced again and we fell onto the bed and rolled together on the quilt. Her tongue was darting in my mouth and gradually she was commanding my nipples to stiffen as she gently rubbed them. I was so happy I began to cry. I felt her finger probing for my sex through my pubic hair. She slipped it into my soaking slit and I orgasmed as she delightfully fingered me. When I could take no more of

turn to page 116

'To be brutally frank, you've been masturbating so much that your right hand is pregnant.'

LETTERS

continued from page 116

featured in a good eight-page spread in a forthcoming issue, with a good complement of shots of that delicious bottom, and tell her to keep her specs on!
A Newton, Liverpool

Elizabeth Hogben is great. Give us ten pages of her. She's a real woman, not like most models, all skin and bone.
Jack Pearce, London E13

Let's have a series of shots (preferably in an indoor location) of Elizabeth Hogben. If the girl has gone to such lengths to 'catch your eye' as to be photographed starkers near St Paul's, she deserves a section in your magazine. I have a feeling she'd really do justice to black seamed nylons.
R G Cooper, Nottingham

As a doctor who has to probe the inner recesses of the mind, to resolve psychological hang-ups etc, I have time and again discovered that many women do crave to be exposed. The degree of exhibitionism varies – from the diaphanous apparel to *au naturelle* in 'you dare' situations. Elizabeth Hogben of Chessington, Surrey (Vol 14, No 3) is just one example but she is honest. I therefore suggest that a page be named after her. I would even dare to coin a word: to hogben, be hogbenized, hogbenitude etc, to connote an attitude of self-exposure, in the female, to the multitude, in the erotic sense, without the expectation of any remuneration. This in the language of science is, what I call, the Emmanuelle syndrome. To hogben, I would of course insist that full name and address be published with the photos, true to the spirit of Elizabeth Hogben.
(Name and address withheld)

Being a man whose preference is for the nicely covered shapely girl rather than the slim and skinny girls which seem to predominate in magazines of your type, I must thank you for giving us a glimpse of Franky (Vol 13 No 11). While I do not know the particular concepts in marketing a magazine like *Mayfair* you must have got the formula right to have achieved and maintain the circulation that you have. As one who likes the fuller figure, presumably I am one of a minority, though, like your other readers who took the trouble to write to you, we must be representative of many thousands. It would be interesting to know by how many the 'slim girl' brigade outnumber the 'nicely covered' brigade. May I suggest that you devote a single page picture each month to a Franky Martin type girl and head it 'One for the Bosoms and Thighs Boys'.
A Sinclair, London SE12

I think *Mayfair* is great and only wish I'd met it before. Take no notice of grumbles about too many photographs of breasts and vaginas (Vol 13 No 8) – one can't have too many. Especially appreciated by me is the back view of pubic hair, guaranteed to have me stiffening at once (Carolyn, page 56 Vol 13 No 9 – what do other readers think?) I have one point to raise, however. In the fantastic descriptions of sex nothing is said about love. Goodness knows, your tongue using all the tricks of the trade on a girl, and her having you in her mouth, and then to screw her good and hard as soon as you get your erection back, is certainly good for kicks, but if you think the whole meaning of sex is pussy-licking, cock-sucking and a good screw with a girl you met in Brighton two hours before and won't meet again after you've done it again the next morning before breakfast, full stop, then I suppose that's fine to a point – but for my part I think that leaves out the most important thing. Surely we're right when we call sex 'making love'?
My own experience tells me this. Long before my mistress and I became 'lovers' we were deeply in love and had grown closer and closer over the months, but still there was no physical contact except the touch of hands until one day in an electric atmosphere we found ourselves locked in a passionate embrace, with tongues deep in each other's mouth and body language telling its own story. Five days later our hands joined in, my

turn to page 122

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Win or lose you'll still look the best player.
Lyle and Scott Limited, 22 Hanover Square, London W1A 1BS. Tel. 01-629 8000.

LETTERS

continued from page 122

In fact, virtually all were damaged in some way so I made do with one which was only slashed.

Altogether there were six of us waiting for the show to start but nothing happened, except for music being played through loudspeakers. After about 40 minutes the man behind me went to ask when something would happen. He was told 'soon' and returned to his seat. We all began talking and found we had been charged varying amounts for admission, ranging from £3 to £6. After several more minutes had passed with nothing happening we decided that we would ask for our money back together. The man at the door who had readily taken our money was not so keen to give it back, protesting that the projector was broken and that the girls had not arrived. He told us that the show would be starting soon and asked us not to stand in the entrance hall saying, 'Please gentlemen, don't make me angry. Now either go downstairs or go outside, please. You cannot stay here.'

Looking back, I can see his point. After all half a dozen men complaining and demanding their money back is not exactly a good advertisement for prospective customers. One man left but the rest of us continued to complain but after a girl rushed in from the street we were told that the show could now start. We returned to our seats and a few minutes later the same girl wearing the same fur coat, socks and shoes which she had been wearing in the street came on stage. She draped the fur coat on the chair, this left her naked except for shoes and socks. She was not particularly attractive with very small tits (what a difference compared with the beautiful Jennifer of Vol 14 No 1). She then sat on the chair and stayed there for a couple of minutes looking totally bored. After a while she took up a couple of poses, picked up her coat and left.

After waiting a while longer I decided to complain again and was accompanied by another man who agreed we had been conned. After more than an hour and a half we had seen only one girl who merely sat on the stage doing nothing. At the door we were told: 'We don't give money back. I not know you. I not know anything. You want to complain, you see agency. Now, please you can not stay here, I get angry. You either go downstairs or go outside.'

So, putting the loss of our money down to experience we both left.

W S, Southampton

Lamenting about the decline of honest strip-tease in Soho, our Nightlife expert, Ken Dowd, nevertheless offers some good advice and value-for-money establishments on p 26.

In 1973 you featured photographs of a young lady who really succeeded in awakening my desires. I refer to Barbara Kingsland in Vol 8 No 9. Her sensuality was greatly enhanced by the man-sized Havana she was smoking, though I must admit regret that this accessory was only featured in three photos. When she was featured again in a later issue I felt my spirits rise only to be disappointed when she appeared without her cigars but in the company of a male.

Surely it is about time that *Mayfair* published more photos of cigar-smoking beauties. Perhaps you have some unpublished pictures of Barbara you could use? If not, in these liberated times there must be many beautiful young ladies who enjoy the pleasures of smoking big cigars.

(*Name and address withheld*)

The following extracts are from a list of 'Safety Rules for Power Tools'. Taken out of context they are worthy of a laugh.

'3 Don't use your power tool in damp or wet locations . . .

4 All onlookers should be kept at safe distance . . .

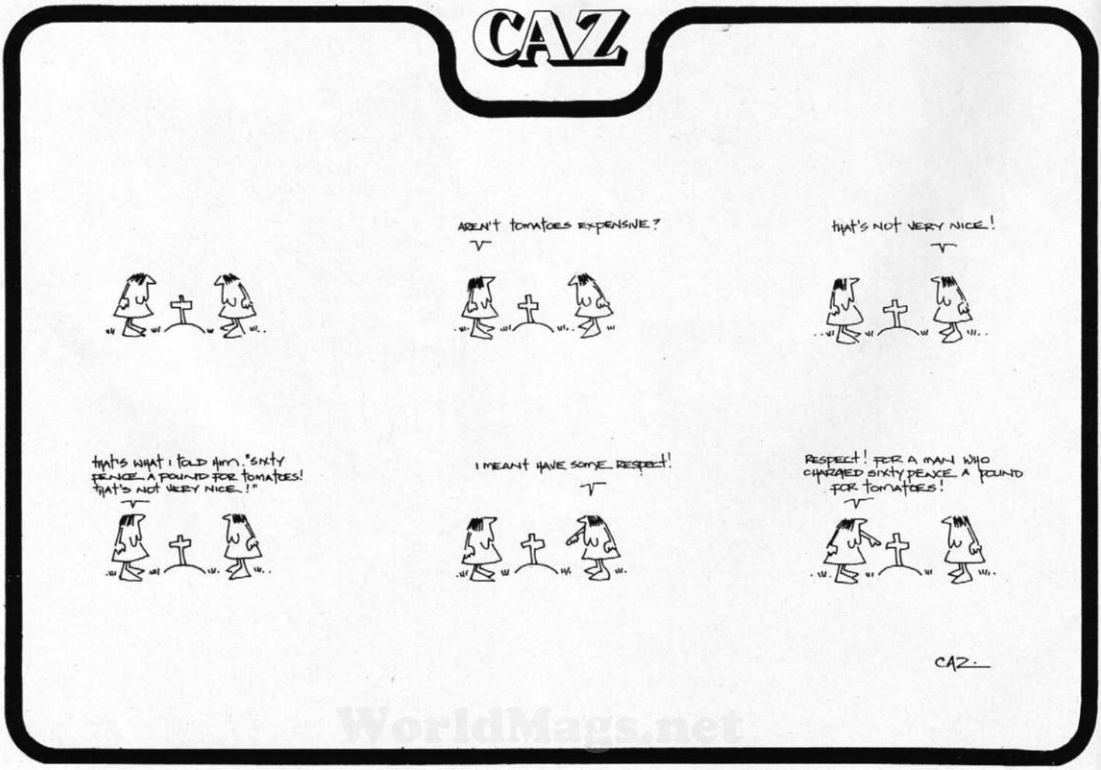
6 Don't force your power tool: it will do the job better and safer at the rate for which it was designed.

7 Wear proper apparel: No loose jewellery to get caught in moving parts.

12 Don't overreach: Keep proper footings and balance at all times.'

G W, Bagillt, Clwyd, Wales

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ


CAZ
AREN'T TOMATOES EXPENSIVE?
THAT'S NOT VERY NICE!
THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HIM. "SIXTY PENCE A POUND FOR TOMATOES! THAT'S NOT VERY NICE!"
I MEANT HAVE SOME RESPECT!
RESPECT! FOR A MAN WHO CHARGED SIXTY PENCE A POUND FOR TOMATOES!
CAZ

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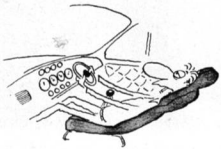
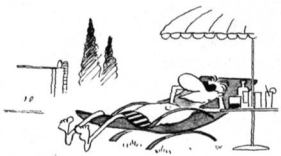
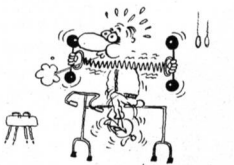
CARRIE

When Carrie goes angling she proves the biggest catch







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